Again

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Again

by Gio_hannigram

Summary

There was just too much blood. And nobody understands that his name is not Will.

Adam just wants to find Nigel.

Notes

I´m fixing some of my fics and this one comes back with the help of my awesome editor Charlie!. Thank you very much honey!

Also thanks to my Angel & my Nigel that are always supporting my creative trashy self.

See the end of the work for more notes

There was just too much blood.

He was trembling, the corridor he was standing was illuminated by a red light giving it a terrifying glow. Looking at his hands there was more of the red almost black liquid falling drop by drop. Adam walked forward, afraid of what would meet him but knowing Nigel was somewhere in there.

His vision blurred for a moment and an image of himself holding up another person, *Nigel,* flashed in his mind.

He was bleeding while Adam desperately tried to stop it. The thought made him tremble and his heart ache.

He didn´t remember how he knew, but he knew that he had been told to stay behind. But he couldn´t. There was just a feeling inside his chest, a force making him take another step even when the rest of his being wanted to stay still until someone found him.

He knew Nigel was here somewhere. He knew Nigel needed him and Adam was going to find him, make sure he was alright.

Counting to ten and back again he kept walking.

The corridor looked as if it would never end, and the red light didn´t help with his nerves. His hands wouldn´t stop shaking and he was anxious, more than he had been in months. He had almost forgotten how it felt to feel desperate, without a way to make sure everything was alright. His routine was not only broken but he was lost and standing in an unfamiliar place, not knowing what he was doing there or how he even got there. He just knew one thing and it was that he needed to find Nigel.

When more blood started to show around the walls he closed his eyes and breathed deep, over and over again, agitated by the thought that some of that blood could be Nigel´s. He didn´t even know how he had gotten blood on his hands. It felt awful, the smell was worst, holding his hands on fists at his sides trying to avoid all the blood he kept on.

Nigel please be alright. He chanted over and over.

After a few minutes of walking he could hear some yelling. Then, a shot.

Silence.

Getting more agitated, Adam ran on the direction of the shot. Tears rolling down his cheeks from anxiety and desperation. He wanted to go home, he wanted to be with Nigel and to hear his voice telling him how much he loved him and that everything would be alright.

He wanted to remember why and how they got there so he´ll know how to get out.

A body was lying on the floor in a pool of blood.

Why so much blood?

As he got closer to the person lying there, bleeding to dead, looked more and more familiar, he knew who that was. It couldn´t be him.

“Nigel!” Adam screamed. He fell to his knees next to a very still Nigel.

“Please Nigel, stand up. Come on, Nigel get up!” Adam yelled between sobs. His chest constricted, his whole body and mind losing control.

He tried to control his hands long enough to take Nigel´s arm, he went for the other shoulder and pulled so he would lie face up.

Adam closed his eyes tight. When he opened them and saw the person in front of him, his breath left him.

“You are not Nigel.” He whispered, confused. He knew Nigel, and this man looked like Nigel. He was almost the same, but he could tell… it was not Nigel.

He remembered how he had been dressed the last time he saw him, and he was sure Nigel was not wearing a suit. Nigel hated suits.

The hair of this man was short and was combed all in on one direction, with a great amount of gel on it in the front. Nigel hated gel.

This was definitely not Nigel.

“Hands up, Will!”

Adam looked up as a man entered, with a gun point at him.

Panic started to rise in his whole being. He tried to speak but his voice was not working, he was babbling some moments and breathing hard the others. He was having an attack, and he could tell the man´s patience was ending when he got closer, pointing more firmly at his head.

“I am not Will.” Adam finally choked out. “Please…please. I am not. I don´t know who he is, I just want to find…I just want to find Nigel.”

Adam reached out with a bloody hand in the man´s direction, but he just took a step back and guarded himself as if Adam would attack at any moment.

“I don´t know what game you think you´re playing Will, but this is over. We´ve got you, both of you. Nothing is going to bring him back now.”

“I am not Will.” Adam stood up and cried out at the man, shaking and sobbing. “I´m not Will. I´m not Will. I´m not Will!” He kept chanting covering his ears, walking back until his back hit the wall.

The man whispered “Will.” again and tried to touch him.

He didn´t want anyone to touch him. He just wanted to find Nigel, the real one and get out of there.

“I don´t know what he did to you Will but…”

“I am not Will.” Adam was screaming, sliding down the wall. His chest, his throat everything hurt. There was blood on his face now.

Adam closed his eyes and rocket to one side, the hand on his opposite side covering his ears. He chanted: “I am not Will.” trying to keep the voice and presence of the man *out*.

Another shot startled him out of it. When he looked up, the not-Nigel was not where he was just minutes before. The other one was on the wall in front of Adam, bleeding out.

When he felt a hand on his shoulder and looked again, the Not-Nigel was standing next to him pointing a gun at the bleeding man.

“Are you alright, Will?”

That wasn´t Nigel´s voice. It was like his, but it wasn´t right. This man was not Nigel and… his touch.

A hand was reaching for his middle touching his belly. “You got stabbed. There´s too much blood coming out, Will. I need to get you out of here. I told you to stay behind.” The man stared at him with concern when his hand came up with blood that Adam didn´t even realize was dripping out of him.

“I am not Will!” Adam screamed again, but was interrupted by a woman who shot at the Not-Nigel. Adam looked down and gasped, feeling his chest contrite anew at seeing the eyes of the man losing their light. When he looked back up, the woman had pointed her gun directly between Adam´s eyes.

Smiling with satisfaction, she shot.

“I am not Will.” Adam yelled yet again as he felt someone shake him.

“Adam, damn it. What´s wrong? Fuck you are sweating cold. What´s wrong?!”

Adam tried to focus. *That was Nigel´s voice.* As he closed and opened his eyes again he could see Nigel´s worried face.

His Nigel.

“It was a nightmare.” Adam whispered as Nigel´s arms took their place around him.

“It was a nightmare.” He repeated. He hadn´t had one like that since he meet Nigel. He had stopped dreaming with those people, with the knights and the bleeding wings. He had met Nigel. He thought after meeting the owner of those eyes it would be over.

So why now?

“You just had a big fucking awful nightmare Gorgeous.” Nigel reassured him. He patted his back and caressed his curls. “Just a nightmare.” He repeated, trying not to swear again. Nigel tried to calm him. “It´s alright."

"Steaua mea, I have you now. Nobody can hurt you. They´ll have to go through me first and, believe me, I won´t let them.”

“I don´t want you to get hurt.” Adam choked out barely a whisper but enough so that Nigel would understand. “I don´t want to see more blood Nigel, I don´t like it.”

“You won´t have to.”

As Nigel´s breath and sweet caresses lulled him to sleep, Adam thought about them. About how much it would hurt Will to see the other man that looked like Nigel bleeding, about how much that man must have loved him.

Adam had seen his wound and it must have been painful. Adam had thought he was dead, even the other man thought it. And yet, when who he thought was Will was at the end of the gun, he had come back to life and was determinate to save him.

As Nigel kissed his cheek lovingly. Adam looked out at the stars above them rolling around his room, and thought that maybe somehow, in some way, somewhere else…Will and the other man would get to be like Nigel and himself.

"And they won´t have to see each other´s blood. The other worlds won´t be so hard on them." He whispered, hopefully.

End Notes

I know angst on the spacedogs tag is sin but I couldn´t resist when the idea came to my mind.

It can be taken as a sequel to "His Eyes" but is not that necessary.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!